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# the Lone Ranger

## Apache Peril

WHEN CHIEF BLACK HAWK JUMPS THE INDIAN RESERVATION, A HUNDRED MORE PAINTED BRIDES DASH WEST WITH HIM...

CHIEF BLACK HAWK, AHEAD OF US IS A SETTLER'S RANCH HOUSE, THE FIRST WE HAVE SEEN SINCE WE LEFT THE RESERVATION! HE MAY REPORT OUR MARCH!

ALL WHITE MEN IN THE PATH OF BLACK HAWK, DIE!



LET YOUR FIRE ARROWS BURN DOWN THE HOUSE! IF ANY FLEE FROM IT, YOUR SUNKS WILL CLAW THEM!



A MINUTE LATER...  
BANG! BLAM! WHOO! WHOO!

THE HOUSE FALLS! NO ONE HAS LEFT IT! NOW APPROACH INTO THE HILLS WHERE NONE DARES ATTACK US!



BOOM—

HERE WHERE SMOKE WE SAW COME FROM, HEARD SMOKE! PLINY INDIAN PONY TRACKS!

YES, TONTO, AND THIS MAY ONLY BE THE FIRST RANCH HOUSE TO FALL TO BLACK HAWK!



DAD! LOOK! THE HOUSE IS BURNED DOWN!

AND I'LL HIT THOSE TWO POLICEMEN WHO SET IT ON FIRE!



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REACH! YOU TWO ARE  
PARTN' FOR THIS!



TOMTO AND I **BURN'T**  
DOWN YOUR HOUSE!  
WE WERE TRACKING THE  
RENEGADE INDIANS  
AND DID!

EVAN! ISN'T GOIN'  
TO SAVE YOUR HOUSE  
- JUST FACE THE  
OTHER WAY! THIS  
ISN'T GOIN' TO BE A  
PRETTY SIGHT!



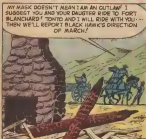
BEFORE YOU PULL  
THE TRIGGER...LOOK  
AT THE GROUND!

DAD! HE'S RIGHT! THERE ARE  
LOTS OF HOOFPRINTS HERE,  
BUT ALL MADE BY UNSHOD  
HORSES--- THEY WERE  
**INDIAN PONIES!**



THAT'S RIGHT!  
WE RECEIVED WORD  
YESTERDAY THAT  
BLACK HAWK AND HIS  
THRAVES JUMPED THE  
RESERVATION! THEY  
PASSED THE MEX!

I'EN SORRY! I SURE  
MISJUDGED YOU, MISTER,  
BUT WHEN I SAW YOUR  
**MAK** I FIGURED YOU  
AND THE INDIAN DORDED  
AN' SET THE PLACE ON  
FIRE WHILE WE WERE  
SHOPPIN' IN TOWN!



MY **MAK** DOESN'T MEAN I AM AN OUTLAW! I  
SUGGEST YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER RIDE TO FORT  
BLANCHARD! TOMTO AND I WILL RIDE WITH YOU...  
THEN WE'LL REPORT BLACK HAWK'S DIRECTION  
OF MARCH!



LATER... TOMTO, MY **MAK** WILL  
ABUSE TOO MUCH  
CURIOSITY! REPORT TO COLONEL  
WILCOX AND GIVE MY REGARDS  
TO JOHNNY GOLFE, THE  
CIVILIAN SCOUT!

USH, AND THEN MEEN  
COLONEL **MAK** US  
HELP TRACK  
DOWN BLACK  
HAWK!



TOMTO! DOSSONE! IT WHATEVER  
YOU COME HERE?

"NOW, JOHNNY ROLFE! MARRIED FRIEND SAY TO  
GIVE YOU REWARDS! HE BRING THESE PEOPLE  
HERE! BLACK HAWK BURN DOWN THEIR RANCH  
HOUSE! TOMTO TELL COLONEL!"

NOBODY'LL BE SAFE 'ROUND HERE  
LONG AS BLACK HAWK'S ON THE  
LOOSE! YOU FOLK'S BETTER  
STAY AT THE FORT!

IF ANYONE'S  
STAYING AT THE  
FORT, I WILL DO  
THE INVITING!

DOSSONE, LIEUTENANT! COME!  
YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL  
THAT YOUR WEST POINT  
COMMISSION DOESN'T MEAN  
YOU'RE RUNNING THIS  
FORT!

I AM LOOKER  
FOR JOHNNY'S  
LACK OF HANNERS,  
HISSE! WE CAN'T  
EXPECT TOO MUCH  
FROM A COWBOY!



COWBOY! WHY YOU BRAGG-  
PLAYED PARADE 'ROUND DUDE...

---ROLFE, IF  
YOU WERE IN  
UNIFORM---

YOU'D PULL YOUR  
RANK ON ME!

GENTLEMAN, THAT WILL BE ALL!  
FROM TOMTO'S REPORT, I'LL NEED  
**BOTH** OF YOU TO HELP ROUND UP  
BLACK HAWK AND HIS RENEGADES!



**LATER--** COLONEL SEND JOHNNY ROLFE TO SCOUT FOR TROOPS! BUT HIM AND LIEUTENANT WHO COMMAND TROOPS NOT GET ALONG!

THEY'LL HAVE TO GET ALONG OR THEY'LL HAVE LITTLE CHANCE AGAINST BLACK HAWK!



WE'LL BLAZE A TRAIL FROM HERE TO THE BURNED RANCH HOUSE AND THEN PICK UP BLACK HAWK'S TRAIL! I WANT TO STAY WELL AHEAD OF THE TROOPS IN CASE THE APACHES DOUBLE-BACK ON THEIR TRAIL TO GET AN AMBUSH! COME ON, SILVER!

**RETURN UP SCOUT!**



**AT DAWN, AS JOHNNY ROLFE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL BLAZED BY THE LONE RANGER---**

WELL, ROLFE, DESPITE THE "INDIAN SIGHT" THAT ONLY ROLFE SEEM ABLE TO SEE, WE HAVEN'T RUN INTO THE APACHES YET! WE'LL CAMP HERE AND CONTINUE THE PURSUIT IN THE MORNING!

I WOULDN'T ADVISE CAMPING IN THESE HILLS!



YOUR ADVICE IS WELCOME, BUT I AM IN COMMAND!

YES, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW THE APACHES!



I KNOW WE'RE LEADING FOR A FIGHT! IF MY MEN REST TONIGHT, THEY'LL BE FRESH IN THE MORNING!

THAT MIGHT BE WHAT THE BOOK SAYS, LIEUTENANT, BUT THE APACHES CAN'T READ! THEY MAY ATTACK TONIGHT!



**MIDNIGHT---**

I-IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T SLEEP IN HOSTILE COUNTRY! I'D BETTER SCOUT 'ROUND AN' SEE IF ANY APACHES ARE SNEAKIN' UP ON US!





THOSE SENTRIES POSTED TEN YARDS FROM CAMP WOULDN'T EVEN BE ABLE TO GIVE THE ALARM IN TIME IF THE APACHES WERE CRAWLIN' UP ON 'EM!



HOOFBEATS!



LIEUTENANT TONTO! I WAS LOOKIN' FOR APACHES! YOU'RE POSSUM LUCKY I DIDN'T MISTAKE YOU FOR ONE!

I SAW YOU LEAVE CAMP AND FOLLOWED! IF THE SAVAGES WERE AROUND HERE, WE'D KNOW IT! WE'RE SAFE!



IF YOU WERE SURE OF THAT YOU'D BE BACK IN CAMP— AND SO WOULD I!

ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY I ADMIT I'M NEARBY! LET'S SCOUT AROUND TOGETHER!



ATTENTION!---

WE FOUND BLACK HAWKS CAMP NOW TO REPORT ITS LOCATION TO THE PURSUING TROOPS, TONTO!

KEEP SADDY, RODEOS COME!



THEN, JOHNNY AND LIEUTENANT!

BUT LOOK JUST BELOW US, TONTO! TWO APACHES ARE WAITING FOR THEM IN AMBUSH!

SILENTLY THEY ADVANCE UPON THE APACHES WHO ARE INTENT ONLY UPON THE TWO RIDERS IN FRONT OF THEM —

NOW, TONTO!  
TAKE THEM!



OWH!

YEDOW!



APACHES —  
AND A MASKED MAN!

YES, LIEUTENANT, THEY WERE  
ABOUT TO AMBUSH YOU!

THANKS, MISTER! THIS  
IS THE SECOND TIME YOU  
SAVED MY HIDES! ARE THERE  
ANY MORE NEARBY?



YES, BLACK HAWK IS CAMPED  
A MILE FROM HERE IN A WELL-  
GUARDED VALLEY! IF THE  
LIEUTENANT WILL BRING UP  
HIS MEN, WE CAN SHOW HIM  
HOW TO SURPRISE  
THE APACHES!

THE MEN AREN'T  
MOVING YET, I  
SEE. WHERE THE  
APACHES ARE  
CAMPED? I'M NOT  
TAKING THE WORD  
OF A MASKED MAN  
WHO MAY BE AN  
OUTLAW!

BUT, LIEUTENANT,  
I'LL VOUCH FOR —

... I SEE THAT WILL AMPLIFY  
THE LIEUTENANT'S WORD. I'LL  
SHOW YOU THE APACHE  
CAMP! TONTO WILL GUARD THE  
PRISONERS HERE!







**MEANWHILE, LEAVING THEIR HORSES BEHIND---**

USE MY LARIAT, LIEUTENANT! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE BLACK HAWK'S CAMP FROM THE TOP OF THIS GAP THAT GUARDS THE VALLEY ENTRANCE!



KEEP LOW! THERE MAY BE LOOKOUTS ON TOP OF THE SLOPE AHEAD!



YOU WERE RIGHT! BLACK HAWK IS CAMPED IN THE VALLEY!

QUIET! I THOUGHT I HEARD HOOFBEATS!



TONTO!...HE'S BEEN CAPTURED!



JOHNNY! DOWN!







AS THE BURNING COMES WITHIN FEETAL RANGE, SUDDENLY...

BANG! BLAM! BANG!

**THE BRAVES RETURN TO THE FAR END OF THE VALLEY BEHIND BLACK HAWK FALLS, AND WARNERS—**

**BLACK HAWK'S POINT! THIS WAY! THEY'RE GOIN' TO TRY TO GET THROUGH!**

**IF THEY DO, JOHNNY, WE'LL NOT ESCAPE!**



DOSSONE! LOOK AT THE  
LIEUTENANT CUT 'EM DOWN!

AIEE!

SECOND AND THIRD SQUAD  
AT A GALLOP---CLEAR  
THE GAP!

HE GOT 'EM BACKED UP  
AGAINST THE VALLEY WALL!

THE LIEUTENANT MANEUVERED THE  
TROOPS PERFECTLY, JOHNNY! BLACK HAWK  
WILL HAVE TO SURRENDER OR SEE HIS  
MEN WIRED OUT!

BANG!

BLAM

AROUND BEATEN AND WOUNDED BRIDES, BLACK HAWK  
SURRENDERS---

JOHNNY, WE MIGHT HAVE  
ACCOMPLISHED THE WORK EARLY IF I'D LISTENED TO  
THE MASKED MAN AT FIRST AND BROUGHT THE  
TROOPS RIGHT UP! I APOLOGIZE FOR NOT  
BELIEVING YOU WHEN YOU SAID HE WASN'T  
AN OUTLAW!

FORGET IT, LIEUTENANT! YOU  
TURNED OUT TO BE SOME  
INDIAN FIGHTER!

THANKS, JOHNNY! THAT'S  
A REAL COMPLIMENT  
COMING FROM A  
WESTERNER LIKE YOU!

I'M JUST REPETIN'  
THE WORDS OF THE  
FINEST WESTERNER I  
KNOW--THE LONE  
RANGER!

HI-YO,  
SILVER! AWAY!

# The LONE RANGER

## The Outlaws



SHEEP! WHAT! WE SURE PICKED THE RIGHT STAGE-COACH TO RIDE THE MORNING!

YEE, SAYS THEM TWO OUTLAWS!... LES CHAPTER AND EDS IF YOU NEVER EXPECTED TO FIND US INSIDE WHEN THEY STOPPED IN! DID YOU, NO?

YOU WERE LUCKY!

THESE ARE THE TWO BATTLES WHO SAID THEY'D NEVER BE TAKEN ALIVE! THEY LOOK ALIVE TO ME!

I SAID TO NEVER BE HANDED BY ANY LAWMAN!...THAT'S DIFFERENT THAN SAYIN' I WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT ALIVE!

YOU'LL BE HANDED BY THE LAW ALL RIGHT, BOY! THERE WERE A DOZEN WITNESSES TO THE BANK KILLING!

JUST REMEMBER WHAT I SAID... MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE REASON TO!



SHUT UP, BOY!...AND YOU TWO, LEAVE US ALONE! WE WANT TO GET SOME SHUTTLES!

I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE! SAM'LL BE HERE! I'M GOING TO WIRE THE MARSHAL TO COME AN' GET YOU!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY, DEPUTY! COME QUICKER! HELP!





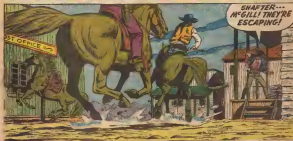




MEANWHILE, AS TONYD-BUYS SUPPLIES IN RESPECTABLE GENERAL STORE----



YOU DELIVER THE FOOD TO ME AND I'LL DELIVER THE OUTLAWS TO THE MARSHAL!





LATER TONY TELLS THE LONE RANGER WHAT HAPPENED IN TOWN---

HE SEE TRACKS OUTLAWS MAKE WHEN THEY RODE THROUGH STREET! HE RECOGNIZE HOOFPRINTS ON ONE HORSE ANYWHERE!

DESERTING A MINING TOWN, TONY THERE AREN'T MANY COWBOYS OR OTHERS ABLE TO RIDE AND FOLLOW A TRAIL!



SHERIFF NOT CONCERNED YET AND DEPUTY NOT ABLE LEAD HORSE TILL MORNING!

THEN IT'LL BE UP TO US TO TRACK THE OUTLAWS DOWN! THERE'S NO ONE WHOSE LIFE OR PROPERTY IS SAFE WHILE THOSE TWO MEN ARE FREE!... WE'LL NOT HAVE LONK MUCH LONGER! COME ON, SLAVERY!



DEAR IN THE WILD HILLS BEYOND DESERTS---

ANDY, HURRY WITH THE WATER! I NEED IT FOR COOKING BREAKFAST!

COWBOY LONK! BUT I WON'T BE HAULING WATER MUCH LONGER! WE'RE GOIN' TO MOVE INTO A FINE HOME SOON--- THE TIME I STRUCK PAY DIRT!



YES AND NEXT YEAR, WE'LL TAKE TWO MILLION DOLLARS AND GO TO SAN FRANCISCO AND---

--- LONK, THIS TIME I DID FIND GOLD!



WHERE'D YOU FIND GOLD--- IN THE COONIN' WATER?

NO! I FOUND A PLACER IN THE NORTH HILLS! JUST LOOK!







YOU HEARD THEM CALL EACH OTHER "ROX" AND "LEE"? THERE'S A BIG REWARD FOR THEM!

THE REWARD DOESN'T CONCERN ME --- IF THEY'RE OYALHOOTS, THEY MAY COME BACK TO JUMP MY CLAIM, UNLESS I GET 'EM NOW!



JUST LEAVE THE RIPLE THERE, HOGAN!

I TOLD YOU THE OLD LADY WAS WISE TO US! GOOD WE STAYED BY THE DOOR AN' LISTENED!



A FAMILIE, FOLLOWING THE OUTLAW'S TAIL ---

HOWD SABBY, LOOK! OUTLAW'S HOOFPRINTS A-GOIN'!

THOSE ARE FRESH TRACKS, TONTO! THEY'VE BEEN MADE ON TOP OF THE HORNING DEN!



THERE TWO HORSES?

BEH IN! WE'LL APPROACH THE SHACK ON FOOT! KEEP HIDDEN!



ALL RIGHT, MR. HOGAN! TELL US WHERE THAT BOLD NUGGET CAME FROM OR WHEN YOUR HUSBAND STARTS TO GET UP FROM THE FLOOR, WE'LL KNOCK HIM DOWN FOR KEERS!

S-STOP! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE ROUNDED IT!



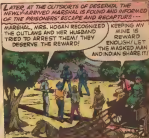
ROX, WHEN THE OLD COOT COMES TO, WE'LL THREATEN TO KILL HIS WIFE! UNLESS HE TAKES US TO THE MINE!

LISTEN, TONTO! WE CAN'T RISK FIRING IN THESE CLOSE QUARTERS, BUT I HAVE A PLAN!









# The LONE RANGER

*Across the Canyon*

AS JIM HENDERSON LEAVES HIS SUPPLY BASE AT THE RAILHEAD, THIRTY MILES FROM HIS CONSTRUCTION CAMP WHERE HE IS BUILDING A BRIDGE ACROSS CRYSTAL CANYON, Suddenly—

HENDERSON  
HEM IN!

A M-MASKED  
MAN!

DON'T PANIC FOR YOUR GUNS! YOU'RE COVERED, BUT THIS ISN'T A HOLDUP! I HAVE A LETTER FOR YOU FROM GENERAL WARREN!

GENERAL WARREN! HE'S HEAD OF CONSTRUCTION FOR THE SOUTHERN & WESTERN! WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO DO WITH YOU?

QUICKLY, HENDERSON SEANS THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—

WELL, NOW THAT GENERAL WARREN'S INFORMED ME WHO YOU ARE, I'M HONORED! BUT WHY HAVE YOU STOPPED ME?

AS YOU KNOW, THE BRIDGE YOU'RE BUILDING ACROSS CRYSTAL CANYON MUST BE COMPLETED BY THE FIRST OF THE YEAR OR SOUTHERN & WESTERN WILL LOSE ITS FRANCHISE FOR THE NEW RAILROAD LINE GOING WEST!

WE'LL HAVE THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE CANYON IN PLINY OF TIME!

THERE ARE POWERFUL INTERESTS IN WASHINGTON WHO WOULD LIKE TO PREVENT THAT BRIDGE FROM BEING COMPLETED SO THEY CAN TAKE OVER THE FRANCHISE! THEY'VE HIRED A MAN CALLED ROGER FORCE TO DELAY YOU!

I'VE HEARD OF HIM! HE'S A TROUBLE-MAKER! BUT EVEN IF SOMETHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO ME, MY SON BOB IS MY ASSISTANT AND YOU COULDN'T FIND A BETTER CONSTRUCTION BOSS THAN JEREMY STUART! THE BRIDGE'LL CROSS THE CANYON IN TIME— DON'T WORRY!







HENDERSON'S BEEN SHOT AND  
THEY THINK WE FIRED AT HIM  
--- COME ON, SILVER!

GET-UM UP  
SCOUT!



LET  
THE  
GUN  
FIRE

I THOUGHT THE SHOT THAT STRUCK HENDERSON  
CAME FROM THE HIGH GROUND TO THE NORTH OF  
THE CAMP, BUT WE'VE FOUND NO TRACES THERE!  
NO AMMUNITION LEFT! THE ASS! F---AS SOON  
AS IT'S DARK, TONTO, GO DOWN TO CAMP AND  
SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!

UGH!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

WE CREEP CLOSE  
TO BUNCHHOUSE!  
HENDERSON HIT BAD,  
BUT HIM STILL ALIVE!  
THEY THINK *WE*  
SHOOT-UM!

IM BEGINNING TO  
WONDER IF THAT SHOT  
COULD HAVE BEEN FIRED  
FROM *INSIDE* THE  
CAMP!



WE NOT FIND  
ANY TRACKS  
THAT LEAD  
AWAY FROM  
CAMP!

WE KNOW RODGER FORCE  
IS CAMPED SOMEWHERE IN THE  
HILLS TO THE NORTH! THE SHOOTING  
IS SOMETHING HE MIGHT HAVE  
PLANNED! TONDERBOM! WE'LL  
TRY TO LOCATE HIS CAMP!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

SOR, WE'RE ABOUT  
READY TO START THE  
BRIDGE FOUNDATION  
ON THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE CANYON!

GOOD, JEREMY!... I  
JUST CAME FROM DAD!  
IN HIS DELIRIUM, HE KEEPS  
MUTTERING ONE NAME...  
*THE LONE RANGER!*  
NOW FINE WAS THE MASKED  
MAN WE SAW, HE COULDN'T  
HAVE SHOT DAD!



BUT IF THAT MASKED  
MAN DIDN'T FIRE,  
WHO DID?

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN  
ANYONE... EVEN ONE  
OF OUR OWN MEN!













**MEANTHILE, IN HIGHLAND VALLEY---**

HE GAVE STUART LETTER! THEN RIDE OFF AND WATCH-UM! UH, AND HENDERSON BOY RIDE THIS WAY!

SO IT WORKED! STUART MUST'VE KNOWN HE *DIDN'T* HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH SHOOTING HENDERSON AND REALIZED WHOEVER WROTE THE NOTE *DID*! HE'S COMING TO FIND OUT WHO WROTE IT!



FORCE, WHAT IF STUART BRINGS ALL HIS MEN HERE?

TWO FELLERS COME ALONE!

GET READY TO **AMBUSH 'EM** ON THIS SIDE OF THE CANYON ENTRANCE!



**NEARBY---**

BOB, WE'RE ALMOST TO THE CANYON ENTRANCE TO HIGHLAND VALLEY!

--- REM IN, JEROME! I HEAR SOMEONE RIDING **BEHIND US!**



IT'S A **MASKED MAN!**

HE MAY BE THE ONE WHO WROTE THE NOTE! I'LL **DROP HIM** BEFORE HE SEES US!





QUICKLY THE LOAFER TELLS THEM WHAT HAPPENED AT CAMP AND THE DANGER THAT AWAITS THEM IN THE VALLEY ---

FROM THIS RISE, YOU CAN SEE INTO THE VALLEY! THERE'S NO MOVEMENT BY THE OUTLAWS' FIRE EXCEPT FOR THEIR GRAZING HORSES! THEY MUST BE HIDING IN AN BRUSH! I'VE DELIBERATELY HAD YOUR MEN FOLLOW ME! WHEN THEY REACH US, BOB, YOU'LL YOUGH FOR ME AND I'LL LEAD THEM INTO THE VALLEY BY ANOTHER ENTRANCE!



SOON, BY THE CANYON ENTRANCE ---

WHAT'S TAKIN' 'EM SO LONG, PORCE?

QUIET! --- LISTEN! HOLVES!







AIEEE!

IN THE MASKED  
MAN HOT  
FORCE!

THROW DOWN  
YOUR GUNS  
OR YOU'LL BE  
NEXT!

D-DON'T FIRE! WE  
SURRENDER!

YOU'D NEVER HAVE  
CAUGHT US IF THOSE  
WOLVES DIDN'T  
STEAL OUR  
HORSES!

WOLVES! WE WERE THE  
"WOLVES" YOU HEARD! THE  
MASKED MAN KNEW IF WE  
MADE YOUR HORSES BOLT,  
YOU'D COME OUT IN THE OPEN  
WHERE WE COULD ROUND  
YOU UP!

LATER---

DAD! YOU'RE  
SITTING UP!

YES, BOB! TOUHO GAVE ME  
SOME MEDICINE AND MY  
FEVER BROKE AN  
HOUR AGO!



I'VE SENT SOME OF THE  
MEN OFF WITH FORCE  
AND HIS GANG TO THE  
NEAREST MARSHAL!  
THE REST WILL BE  
READY FOR  
WORK AFTER  
BREAKFAST!

THEN I RECKON  
WE'LL HAVE A BRIDGE  
ACROSS THE CANYON  
PRETTY SOON, BOB!  
THERE'LL BE A NEW  
RAILROAD LINE SETTLING  
PEOPLE OUT WEST---

THANKS TO THE  
LONE RANGER!

HI-YO,  
SILVER!  
AWAY!



# NIGHT RIDE



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"Big Charlie" Johnson, top hand of the late Diamond-M-Ranch, pulled his revolver fast and sent two shots echoing after the two big buffalo wolves.

The range was very long but the first bullet actually created one wolf. It let out a yelp and redoubled its pace. The second shot sounded with a loud "puffy" sort of blast and Charlie felt the gun kick extra badly in his right hand. Dust spurted behind the other animal, so far behind that Charlie knew the shell must have burst or backfired inside his gun.

"Darn!" he complained to himself. "I hope I can get the casing out."

He reined in his pony and turned the cylinder of the big .44 until the dead shell lined up with the hand-operated shell ejector. The split and shattered cartridge case came out of the gun easily enough but when he was reloading the two empty chambers, he noticed something strange about the gun's hammer. It seemed queer, somehow, oddly twisted.

He thumbed back the hammer and it fell right out of the gun. The freak backfire explosion of the defective cartridge had broken the hammer off near its pivot pin. The gun was useless!

He got off his horse and searched in the dust for the broken hammer for a long time before he gave it up as hopeless. He was at least forty miles from camp and the revolver was his only weapon. He had been riding light because he had anticipated no trouble during his regular Spring check-up on the high ranges of the big ranch.

Still, there was nothing much to worry about. But being without a gun in the Dakota

ranching country was not exactly the safest thing possible.

"No use grumbling," he thought as he rode down onto a big rocky plain and squinted into the setting sun. "But no campfire for us to-night," he muttered, slopping his horse's neck. Big Red, his horse, whinnied softly in reply to the affectionate gesture.

There was no use attracting unnecessary attention in this newly-settled, lonely country. They would ride all night.

They plodded onward until after sunset and until the moon rose before Charlie sensed trouble. He stopped and listened. To his right, on top of a flat-topped rise of ground, there was the sound of a horse's snort, quickly suppressed as though a rider had suddenly clamped his fingers on the horse's muzzle. A few seconds later he saw two shadowy figures outlined against the disc of the moon as they started down the slope.

There was no clink of spurs or metallic clatter of horseshoes on the rocks. Listening intently, he could not make out the creak and groan of saddle leather.

"Indian!" he thought. "Sure as shooting, that's two Sioux braves sneaking away from the reservation."

Supposedly, all the Sioux in the district were peaceful and content to live on the ground reserved for them by the government. But there were always some who were never satisfied with the peaceful life. They were enemies to the isolated ranchers and to their own people as well—bloodthirsty young braves, always anxious to win glory even if they could not brag about it in public.

Gently, he urged Big Red into a slow walk.

There was just a chance that he could get away without being sent. "No use asking for trouble," he said to himself. But there was no hope of that. The two braves fell in behind him and followed leisurely, riding at his own pace. Glancing back, he saw the glint of moonlight on a rifle barrel. He had to make his decision and quickly.

"How!" he shouted in a loud voice, raising his hand in the universal sign of peace. He turned Big Red and rode straight toward the two braves.

The two riders were so surprised, they jerked their ponies to a stop.

"Why do I find my Indian brothers so far from home?" he called out loudly. The Indians only sat their horses in silence. "Probably think I'm crazy," Charlie muttered. Nothing else could explain a cowpuncher foolish enough to approach two armed Indians alone.

With extreme caution, Charlie let the reins drape easily on the right side of Big Red's neck. "Neck-reins" perfectly, the horse shifted direction slightly so that Charlie's right side and arm were hidden behind Big Red's neck and head. Carefully, Charlie jerked his lariat free and snaked out a big loop which dangled to the ground behind his horse's shoulder.

"I've got to get a little closer," Charlie thought, "just a little closer!" He was about thirty yards away.

But then he saw the glint of moonlight on the rifle barrel again. One of the braves was slowly raising his carbine, moving slowly as though spellbound by the cowboy's slow, confident approach. Higher and higher rose the



gun, coming closer and closer to a level with Charlie's chest.

"EEEEEEEEEYAH!" Charlie shouted as he kicked Big Red into a sudden burst of speed and ducked down in his saddle.

The big-bored carbine went off with a loud "CRACK" but the bullet sped past the galloping, dodging cowboy with a harmless whistle.

Charlie whipped his arm over to his left side and spread his loop with a lightning-like twist of his wrist. He sped past the surprised Indians so closely that he heard one of them grunt. The loop settled around the two Indians and the cowpuncher took a quick turn around his saddle horn and braced himself for the shock. The rope snubbed short with a twang.

He reined in instantly and leaped out of his saddle. In a split second, he was running toward the two struggling braves with his clubbed pistol upraised.

But there was no need to hurry. Both Indian braves were struggling harmlessly with the rope that bound them both close together and held their arms tightly to their sides.

Calmly, Charlie picked up one of the carbines from the ground and cocked the hammer. "Well," he said softly, "I guess they'll be glad to see you at the reservation. They've been looking for you, I reckon."

The only answer he got was a soft whinny from Big Red. The horse was standing as a good cowpuncher should after a good "catch" with a rope. He leaned on the taut line, keeping a strain on it, as though there was a kicking, lunging steer at the other end instead of two hostile braves.



# YOUNG HAWK

SEE, LITTLE BUCK!  
THE SUN COMES UP  
OUT OF HIS LODGE BEYOND  
THE EARTH.

...AND HIS FACE  
LIGHTS THE WORLD,  
YOUNG HAWK! IT IS GOOD  
TO BE ALIVE!

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UGH! TRULY IT IS GOOD! BUT FOR  
YOUR BRAVE FIGHT WHEN THE GOLD  
RAIDERS ATTACKED LAST NIGHT, I  
WOULD NOT BE ALIVE!

CHIEF HAS  
OTHER HONORS  
US!

I WILL GIVE YOU MORE  
HONOR! BUT TODAY WE  
HUNT THE DEER AND  
THE BEAR, MY BOW!

AND FEAST  
TONIGHT? THAT  
WILL BE GOOD!

I WILL CALL MY  
YOUNG MEN! WE WILL MAKE  
IT A GREAT HUNT!

TURKEY  
TURKEY!  
TUNE!

WE SHALL NEED MANY DEER—AND  
BEAR IF WE CAN FIND THEM! MEAT FOR  
A FEAST! LET YOUR SPIES BE KEEN AND  
YOUR ARROWS TRUE, MY WARRIORS!

THE YOUNG SHOSHONE BRIDES ARRIVE.  
THEIR CHIEF GIVES ORDERS!











**DEEP IN THE TIMBER, A BIG BLACK BEAR**  
SHUFFLES AWAY WITH AN ANGRY PRIDE,  
AT THE SOUNDS OF PURSUIT.

**BUT ANGRY AT THE WARRING MUSHRAE ON HIS**  
TRACK, THE BEAR TENDS TO DESTROY IT!





**B**UT ONLY YOUNG HARK HAS TIME TO LOOSE ANOTHER SHOT...



**H**OOT TROPS BIG OTTER AS HE LEAPS ASIDE...



**T**HE BEAR'S TERRIBLE PAW IS RUINED FOR A KILLING BLOW...



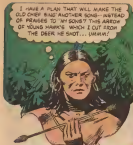
... BUT IT NEVER FAILS! YELLING TO DISTRACT THE BEAST, YOUNG HARK PLUNGES IN WITH HIS KNIFE!



**T**HE MIGHTY BRUTE RISES ON HIS HAND LEGS! YOUNG HARK GRAPPLES CLOSE—BENEATH THE SWINDING PANG—HIS KNIFE FLASHING.











# SHORT TIME AFTERWARDS



HERE THEY COME! THEY PRETEND NOT TO HAVE BEEN NEAR THE RIVER!



USUP YOUR BOWS, WARRIORS!

HUNT! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US, WARRIORS?

TO THE CHIEF--AT WHOM YOU SHOT A TREACHEROUS ARROW!

HE LIVES--NO THANKS TO YOU!



MOMENT LATER, YOUNG HARK AND LITTLE SUCK ARE HELPING...



WE CAUGHT THEM, CHIEF--WITHOUT A FIGHT..



AND YOU CAN LET THEM GO FREE, MY WARRIORS! THIS ARROW IS YOUNG HARK'S-- BUT IT HAS DEER BLOOD-- AND DEER HARK ON IT!



IT IS PLAIN THAT SOME ENEMY FOLLOWED US-- AND CUT YOUNG HARK'S ARROW OUT OF HIS DEER-- AND SHOT AT ME IN ORDER TO LAY A CRIME OF TREACHERY AT THE DOOR OF MY YOUNG FRIENDS! THEY ARE INNOCENT!

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